Death's Head Moth

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Death's Head Moth

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Summary

During World War II, Hannibal was turned into a vampire and decided to leave his old life, because he had lost most of it anyway. Over the years, he still can find pleasure in a few things. But then he meets a young man, and realizes that they have a soulmate/twin flame connection instantly. He attempts to ingratiate himself into Will's life, and they become closer.

Chapter 1

This curse he travels with, a dark angel of death. As a simple farmer he was good, and had a daughter called Mischa. But by the time he was 38, he was stalked in the woods of his back yard and reefed by the neck ferociously. He could not gather himself before the stranger garbled on his wrist, sucking blood from a fresh bite mark. He lurches forward with difficulty, but with strength; and the vampire is not impressed. He slams Hannibal into a tree by his neck, as he intends to drink.

The force to his head had made him black out, though he almost willed himself not to.

He felt disconcerted when he woke up. There was a pressure weighing down on his throat, so tight; it felt like taut strings, singing songs for blood. It was like he wouldn't be able to stop doing something with his mouth if he didn't hold onto his neck. His eyes felt full, and he himself drained. He could barely keep himself from seething; a strong impulse common in new vampires.

He can smell blood outside, and in the walls that make his home; creatures, and prey, that have different sweet scents to the next. He feels like his throat is suddenly hollowing out, and his body constricting with hunger. Eyes blown black, he could kill something. But the hunger seemed to take the fire out of his wrist. He was full with venom; laced in something he didn't understand, only what he had read about in fiction.

He was quickly to his farmhouse, with his thirst steadily getting more violent. He was choking, it would seem. More terrifying to see is his display in the mirror; eyes looking gouged out, blood down his jacket and pants. His daughter approached the bathroom doorway. Full, plump, perky flesh. Her white arms made his mouth water; a lust for blood peaking. He made a whimpering sound, crushed into himself, he couldn't!

'Papa!'

He heard only himself slurping in a fierce flurry. Time didn't hold any meaning as he tasted a journey throughout his mind and senses; he tasted some sweet fruit, felt the velvety texture of blood. And then he pulled away abruptly.

She was lying limp, with a faint pulse.

'I'm sorry Mischa'. He immediately began to cry. 'Oh my baby'. He sobbed.

He took his attention away from her for a second, and then he realized he no longer felt shame, nor guilt. It was a curious, almost empty feeling, but not quite. He could say he felt a little giddy, a tinge of glee, and a hunger that went beyond mere appetite for blood. That was indeed strange. He felt all his senses heightened. Bold scents started sticking out at him, where none had existed before. He licked his lips and swallowed.

His daughter died at three years of age, just when World War II had ended; when the war had only just begun inside Hannibal's body and psyche.

In his ongoing years, he journeyed to the U.S, and avoided conscription with the war in Vietnam easily. His desire to be a free agent was costing some of his sanity though. He was lonely, and spoke only few words to his victims...they didn't say much.
He found the process of drinking blood to be very erotic; you get to know someone pretty well when you've tasted them. But it was something he could turn off and on, or act like a dimmer switch. At varying degrees his lust grew or tapered down. But he never let himself feel something so reproachable as lust during a time of death for his prey. But that didn't mean he didn't play with his banquets; his prey would watch him confidently say disarming phrases. Then he would catch them off-guard, charm them, and literally every single one of his prey was seduced into his luxurious car. They probably assumed that this handsome stranger thought them attractive enough to sleep with. He never entertained such heinous possibilities.

His hobbies and interests varied over the years; where he had much time to learn and study for degrees. A sinister and brilliant idea had hit him; that if he were to become a doctor, he would have access to all the different blood types and sweet delights that he has yet to taste. He had always wanted to become a doctor, but he never had the funds for it. Now whenever Hannibal sucked a victim dry, he robbed them of everything too.

His targets were picked meticulously. But only the unworthy, crass, ugly folk would be plucked from their hospital beds. When Hannibal teases the life out of them, his spine shivers, and his eyes roll into the back of his head.

In 1987 was when he started his degree; by getting into John Hopkins medical school. The smell of blood constantly around him, initially was difficult; he had to concentrate on saving someone's life, while gagging to strip them of it. But at least he was practiced in being around blood. Though it still didn't stop certain, rather intriguing scents catching him off guard. And by the time the future had hit him, he had had 23 years of experience of being around blood.

The year is 2010 and Hannibal is going to see his next patient that's coming in. He works in the emergency ward of the hospital and sees a lot of patients with near fatal wounds. But this man will most likely live; according to nurses, he has a stab wound to the back of his shoulder, nothing serious. When he meets his patient he is in a fairly calm state. But he winced often, and was a bloody mess.

'Hello, you're Will'. He states.

'Hi, yes'.

'I'm Hannibal'.

Will almost trips up drunkenly as he reaches for a hospital chair.

'Have you been given anything before now?'

'Yeah some morphine'.

'Ok, good'. Hannibal asks Will if he could take his shirt off and he'll clean up the wound, then apply stitches and gauze. Will has never met someone who exuded so much passion from

their words before.

'Thank you'.

'What happened to you?' Hannibal asks conversationally.

'I got stabbed during a search and seizure, where I was trying to disarm a drug dealer; I'm a cop'.

'Oh.'

'Yeah, not so easy to prepare for a place like that'.

'I imagine the smell...'

Will laughs. 'Yep, it kind of did have a strong aroma'.

'My name's Will Graham by the way'.

'Yes I know, we've discussed that'. Hannibal smirks, amused.

Will's lazy eyes search slowly at the ceiling. And then he begins to focus on the feel of his skin going taut, as string and needle work together over his shoulder. Hannibal's hands are pleasantly soft and warm. Will starts falling asleep under the weight of morphine, and of feeling utterly relaxed by the sterile room. Hannibal wasn't paying attention to Will's pulse and by the time he was done with the stitches and got up to put his scissors down, he turned to see how Will drooped over the back of the chair. Hannibal wanted to laugh as he attempted to wake him up. And when he eventually got Will to wake up, he chuckled a bit.

'You could sleep here if you needed to instead of driving. You've probably got morphine in your system still'. The inflection in Hannibal's voice surprises Will from his daze, he feels vulnerable from sleep, and suddenly alert.

'Oh that's alright'. He sighs as he stands up. And as soon as he yawns, he feels very tired and tempted to lay in a spare room.

'Actually is there a spare room I could lie down in?'

'Of course'.

Hannibal guides him two rooms over, where all the other beds remain unoccupied.

'Thanks, nice to meet you'. Will says as Hannibal returns to work, and Will closes the door to his room.

Will wakes up to light shakes on his uninjured shoulder. Hannibal is standing there in the dim darkness of his room; his eyes seem like black marbles.
'Sorry, I thought you'd might want to make it home. It's evening'.
Will looks around as he stands, getting his bearings.
'Thanks'.

'Would you like a lift?'
Will thinks, confused.
'I, uh...have my car here'. He laughs a little. 'But thanks'.
'I was just thinking you might still have too much morphine in you'.
'Aw ok, well I feel pretty good'.
'Alright, goodnight then'. Hannibal says as he makes his leave.
'Bye'.

A fortnight later Will comes into the hospital Hannibal works at to get his stitches removed. It's a different doctor this time, Dr. Sutcliffe. Each stitch being snipped feels like fresh, cool air on his skin; everything new and healed. When they finished up, Will was passing through the waiting room to exit the building when Hannibal was heading in the opposite direction to the nurses station.
'Hi. Will'. He says with professional distance.
'Hello'.
'You got your stitches taken out?' He asks.
'Yes.'
'Good. I was meant to remove them, but I had an emergency'. He sounded like he was serious.
'Oh ok. Is everything alright?'
Something moves in Hannibal's eyes.
'Yes, it's fine. What are you doing for the rest of your day?' He inquires out of the blue.
'Well, actually I was going to go home and sleep some more. I need to rest off the pain.' Will laughs.
Hannibal smiles at him.
'Well, see ya'. Will says.
'Goodbye'.

Three days later when Will approaches to grab a pack of steaks from the cool section of the organic grocers, he notices someone out of the corner of his eye coming over and he looks up.
Hannibal has a bright expression on his face, eyes gleaming.
'Is that for your aching shoulder?' He jokes happily.
Will was surprised to see him there, and laughed at what Hannibal said a few seconds later, after it registered.
'Yep, still a bit tense'. He joked sarcastically. 'But I'm going to eat these'. He laughs a bit.
Hannibal stares in his eyes as he smiles, and Will feels a bit fidgety. Will puts the meat in his shopping basket, and then, attempts to say goodbye and move on.
'Are you doing anything for the holidays?' Hannibal wonders as he walks at Will's side, along to the butcher's section.
'I'm not really doing anything for Christmas. I don't have any family'.
Hannibal's surprised.
'Me neither'. Hannibal says, then proceeds to make an order of half a lamb; a huge piece of meat.

'Well, I gotta go finish shopping'. Will tries to excuse himself. 'See ya around'.
As Hannibal retrieves a ticket order, he tries to gently get Will to stop with his voice.
'Will'. He says walking up to him.
Will turns around in a surprised, and pleasant enough fashion.
'Hey, yeah?'
'I'm throwing a holiday party this weekend. It's like celebrating Christmas day in a way. You can come if you like'. It surprises Will, it kind of sounded like Hannibal was basically asking him out. He could easily see that Hannibal was holding him keenly with his eyes; intrigued to watch his movements, and listen to him. And it was not hard to see a fondness, and slight eagerness in his expression.
'Oh thanks. But I don't really know you that well'. He laughs, as he explains honestly.
Hannibal nods understandingly. 'Sure'. He laughs a little. 'I was just thinking that it might be something to do around Christmas.'
'Well thanks, I'll be going somewhere in nature I guess'. He smiles a little, and thinks to say goodbye again when...
'But if you want to change your mind, you can take my number and address'. He offers Will his business card. Will starts blushing hotly inside. The attention is unexpected, and Will feels odd.
'Um, ok, thanks.' He takes it, and finally says: 'bye'.
Will ponders over the interaction; Hannibal was definitely attracted to him in a sense, he would not have otherwise given out his number after seeing this stranger three times.
'Goodbye Will'. He says, and returns himself to shopping.

In two days, Will decided that if it was a Christmas party, then it wasn't a date- that Will did not have to feel uncomfortable about it- and he could attend the party without giving Hannibal the wrong impression. He ends up texting him the day of the party during lunch:
"Hey Hannibal, it's Will, I'd like to come to the party if it's still alright".
"Hello, yeah of course. It starts at 6.30pm". Hannibal replied.
"Okay, thanks".
Later Will headed out the door and picked up one of his favourite bottles of wine before following the route to Hannibal's house. Will had thought the party sounded fun, and when he arrived, it looked it.
It was all so brightly and fancily lit, with live, classical music being played- which was soft in the background. There were quite a few people, Will would guess 100? All fitted inside his castle's massive foyer. And it was literally a castle; even fitted with a cresent-shaped lake- whipping half way to the front of the castle, and halfway to the back- to look kind of like a moat.
Hannibal saw him arrive and said hello.
'I brought some wine if you want'. Will brandishes it as Hannibal proceeds to accept it.
'Thank you'. He smiles. 'Hang on, I'll put this away'.
Will wonders near an open room, to see a rather large library/study. In the middle of the room was a desk littered with drawings and notes. As he anticipated Hannibal's return, he decided to sneak some alone time, and readjust to his crowded surroundings. He wondered inside, and saw that the drawings were very intricate; intrigued, he stepped closer. There were scribblings too, and most plainly in sight appeared to be a poem:

We have all found new lives
Rebirthed, Earth-trapped.
Spirit unrested, and returned.
Soon enough, I fear, insanity will come knocking.

And as I approach new life,
My death encroaches
Such is life.

Oh the spite of life,
We're safer in heaven's light

I want us all to die.

We might survive.
My sanity,
Your soul
And braced against the better tides.

But recklessness hovers in the shadows.

Will finishes, interested and curious as to the exact meaning, when Hannibal is just entering the room.
'Sorry, I was just wandering'.
'It's fine. The guests are free to wander, but they're all in the foyer'. He half laughs. Will laughs too.
'Did you write this poem?'
'Yes. It's part poem, part prose'.
'What's it about?'
'Me kind of writing through my own inner workings'.
'It's really interesting, you could make poetry books'. Will laughs with the genuine compliment.
And with that Hannibal turns a sweetened look to Will. His eyes are a caramel-brown colour, almost gold like in it's brightness of sheen.
'Thank you'. He says. 'I've collected them as such. There are more then 500 that I've kept'.
Will raises his eyebrows; genuinely surprised.
'Wow.' He says, and then glances at the poem underneath:

Can't you say it?
Hear it?
Her memory a lyrical voice.
And I am won't to remember
But I cannot miss it.

Like a lamb to the slaughter
We'll never tire of taking it
We need more, so
It's such a pity your daughter's the next one.

'What's this one about?' Will gestures neutrally.
'My daughter, she died a while ago'. Hannibal answers.
'Oh. How old was she?' Will looks surprised.
'Three'.
'How did she die?'
'It was a neighbour's rabid, violent dog. It lascerated her arm terribly, and she bled out before I found her'. He speaks evenly.
'God. I'm sorry about that. That would've been scary'.
'In a way it was'. Hannibal finalizes. 'There's food being served now, if you'd care for some'.
Will is slightly confused by Hannibal's expression, but is happy to eat.
'Would you like a glass of the wine you brought? I've iced it'.
'Yes thanks'. Will says as they walk out of the library.

Will stops by a wall near the kitchen to wait for Hannibal, and grabs three different kinds of canape's off of the waiters that passed around the room.
'Here you go'. Hannibal says, grabbing his attention. As soon as he accepts it, Hannibal's pointing finger accidentally curls over Will's finger on the glass. And just then, two of Hannibal's colleague's come over to them.
'Hey'. Dr. Sutcliffe said to the general audience of Will and Hannibal. 'How's your shoulder?'
'Still a bit stiff'. Will answers curtly but kindly.
'Hello, I'm Bedelia'. A blonde woman introduced herself.
'Dr. Du Maurier is a doctor in medicine and psychology'. Hannibal explains her further.
'Oh wow, you must be busy'. He jokes, trying to be friendly and conversational. For the sake of just enjoying himself.
She laughs a little, genuinely.
'Yes. But not both at the same time.'
'What are you practicing now?'
'Psychology'.
'Oh ok.' He loses fuel for conversation, when she asks:
'What do you do?'
'I, uh... was a cop. I just quit recently.'
Hannibal, who had let them get acquainted uninterrupted, suddenly gave Will a pointed look.
'When did you give it up?' Hannibal asks in a curious way.
'I decided when I got stabbed. I just didn't feel the same about it anymore'.
Hannibal gives Will a sympathetic look; Will feels it, and something else.
'Do you have any plans for the future?' Dr. Sutcliffe asks, being friendly.
'Sort of. I can fix engines and boat motors. I also have degrees, and a docterate in criminal psychology and behaviour. I can get a teaching position with that if I decide'.
All three doctors give Will surprised, delighted smiles. Hannibal gleaming from the inside out; just a couple of psyche heads, and doctors, drinking wine. Hannibal looked deeper into Will; not only was he brave as a cop, but intelligent and applied himself to many unique

interests. He couldn't help but stare at his face, and his throat.
He felt his human veil slip just a fraction; at the prospect of sucking on a prominent vein in Will's neck. It danced in a dew of sweat and aroma. Then as soon as he'd felt the tension, it eased away. But Will must have felt the gaze, because his eyes drifted instinctively in Hannibal's direction. Hannibal's eyes were black, and not a caramelly-brown colour anymore. Will guessed that he must use contacts...but black? Who's eyes go jet black? He wonders a moment, and casually asks:
'Hey do you wear contacts?'
Hannibal is taken off-guard slightly; and you can see it, behind his eyes.
'Ah yes, every now and then. I don't put them in all time'. The other doctors had already drifted out of ear shot to talk to the other guests.
'Oh. So what's your real eye colour?'
'Brown'.
'Ok.' Will finishes the rest of his wine and orders a tall whiskey. 'They're so black with your contacts in'. Will regards. 'I never wear mine unless I'm out on duty'.
'Yes, they can be a bother'. He says offhandedly.
Will notices his attempt to cease this line of conversation somewhat. Hannibal's eyes were brown, they were, half an hour ago. Did Hannibal remove his contacts while getting Will wine? Probably. Will starts to feel tired from the alcohol and wants to drive home before he falls asleep.
'Uhh, I think I'm going to head off now. I'm really tired'. Will says as he prepares to say his goodbyes.
Hannibal's expression changes, he didn't expect Will to be leaving so soon; he'd been there for just an hour and a half.
'If you want you can have a nap in one of my guest rooms, and return to the party later?' Hannibal offers with a smile.
Will gives a little laugh, as he recognizes that Hannibal wants him to stay and hang out.
'Ok, sure, thanks. I don't feel like driving yet'. Will yawns, and Hannibal directs him to one of the rooms. Into a big wide mattress, he feels himself sink.

Two hours later he wakes up, and sees that the guests have finally taken to explore the castle. There are a couple passing him in the hall, looking tipsy, when he enters the large foyer; only a few people are lingering to dance and Will spots Hannibal in the kitchen, pouring a glass of wine. Just in time for Hannibal to spot Will.
'Hi'. He says cheerily, as he walks to him. And after a moment he starts moving to the music, swaying his hips in an absent-minded way.
'Where did everyone go?' Will wondered.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Will finds out Hannibal is a vampire. Will gets scared, but things still progress between them.

'I prepared a scavenger hunt around the grounds. It's somewhat of a new tradition where I plant clues to find home made treats. The winner is the one who finds a home made gift you can't eat.'

'Wow, that sounds so fun'. will smiles genuinely; Hannibal thinks he is as excited as a child in this way.

'I'd suggest you join, but it's almost over. Someone's already found the gift'.

'What did you make for it?'

'It's a lyre bird, that I spun from steel wire'.

'Oh, interesting'. Will muses. 'Damn, I wish I could of joined in'. He says while earnestly smiling.

Hannibal's face remains open for Will; taking him in.

'There's always next year'. Hannibal jokes teasingly.

But Will doesn't miss the eager quality Hannibal's voice in that phrase, and it's so very clear to Will now, that Hannibal is infatuated with him.

Will decides he'd better go home since it's late.

'Thanks for inviting me to come'. He begins, honestly. 'I've never been to a christmas party, I'm pretty sure. Not unless I was a kid'.

'Well I'm glad you got to come. Introduce you to something new'. He smiles with finality. And Will can feel the vagaries of flirtation there in his tone, and he imagines that real flirtation will pop up soon. But it doesn't. Instead Will is suddenly more furiously aware and

nervous about how close Hannibal was standing. He's not really in Will's personal space, but he is lingering right there on the border, and for too long. He looks at Will's lips, and then past his face.

'Yeah, it was great. Well see ya later'.

'Good, maybe I'll see you around?' Hannibal replies, well-meaning and affectionately. And it catches Will off-guard, just as he hears Hannibal follow up with:

'Goodnight then'.

Will guesses he probably will see Hannibal around in the future. And he's not sure how he feels about that; Hannibal is genuine about it, but something about him is controlled and deliberate. The way he talks...it's like a snare to trap you, to pay attention to the poetry of his words. Or maybe it's the way he holds himself, and not the way he talks in particular that is rigid, and kind of superficial compared to what his true nature is. He's not sure what Hannibal's true nature is, but he can guess why he's walling himself up; protecting himself from deep inside. Most people build defenses within themselves consciously or unconsciously, so Will can empathize with his dishonest nature.

Will makes it to the parking lot of Hannibal's home, when suddenly a jeep-hummer comes veering out of control in Will's direction. He had no time, so he braced himself to be crushed against his truck, still holding his car keys. He sees the brief view of the driver's frantic and apologetic face.

Down he goes, he feels something quickly move him by the waist. Hannibal locks his body between Will and the jeep. With his hand out in front of him on the left, the jeep crunches under his hand, destroying part of the engine. The impact forces the driver and his passenger to go into whiplash mode; their necks snap forward. The driver wore his seat belt, but his forehead smashed into the steering wheel, causing him to black out. And the passenger didn't wear a seat belt; he lurched forward and knocked his head against the windscreen, leaving a faint splatter, as he falls unconsciously back into his seat.

Hannibal looks into Will's eyes for a moment as he lets go of him, and he moves his hand from the crunched-up metal that compacted around it. He doesn't say anything, merely leaps forward , out from between the car and Will. Will sees him run off in the dark, and not just run, but disappear in a sprint at the speed of wind. Off in the distance running, and Will loses sight of him as he makes his way around the lake-moat.

Will is so stunned; everything in the world feels surreal and heightened. Hannibal actually saved him from being crushed by a car, and not only that, Hannibal wasn't injured at all. Will hadn't seen any blood, or ligaments moving in weird ways on Hannibal's arm, but did he hear him wince?

A few of the guests that had noticed, or heard it, came over to see if everything was alright. Will was already in his driver's seat at the time, dumbfounded.

'Call an ambulance'. Someone instructs anxiously from behind Will's truck. A few people approach him and ask if he's ok. He's in a dreamy-daze, like a hypnagogic trance. And after seeing that the people in the other car are alive, he waits a few minutes before leaving.

That was a weird experience. What the hell was Hannibal? He had powers beyond his understanding. The power of Hannibal, was something supernatural, and shocking. When Will arrives home, still mulling over recent events, he receives a text message from Hannibal:

"Please forget what you saw".

And that further forces Will's jaw to go slack; everything confirmed in a horrifying way. Will's not sure if, or how, he should respond to that. He leaves it unanswered, frightened.

Over a fortnight later, and Will still hadn't found any explanation for what Hannibal was, or from Hannibal himself; the man was as silent as the grave. And he had grown more curious and less scared, so he texted him himself:

"Hey, I don't know if I can forget about it. What are you?"

A few minutes later:

"I suggest you try to. You can delete this number".

Was that a threat? Will is not sure.

"Can you please tell me, I'd like to know".

Almost half an hour later Will receives a reply:

"I can meet you to tell you? Not through a phone."

Will's not sure about this, but he can't believe what's happening. So he asks Hannibal to meet him at his house where he's familiar; where there a woods to run and hide in.

"When can I come?"

"You can come this afternoon or something?" Then he gives Hannibal his address.

He gets the reply:

"Alright. If it's ok I'd like to come over now."

Will is surprised, and suddenly aware that he just gave this relative stranger; this relatively strange creature, his address.

"Ok sure. I'm not busy". He writes back.

"See you in an hour".

Will had made a start on chopping fire wood- the winter called for a larger stock than he had- when Hannibal's bentley rolled into his driveway. His heart started pounding; he didn't even know how to address this person anymore, it was all so weird. Hannibal stepped out of his car as Will approached, and they both gave each other testing looks.

'Do you want to come inside?' Will offers to keep Hannibal at ease, and himself (he had a gun stored under his work desk).

'Ok'. He says, following behind Will as he breeches the threshold.

'Thank you for saving me by the way'. Will said once he sat down on a sofa.

'That's ok. But it probably would of been better if I didn't'.

Will feels slightly incredulous with that said.

'Then why did you?'

Hannibal decides not to talk. Then after a moment:

'You could have very likely told people what you know about me, why didn't you? We all do or don't things to keep ourselves and others safe'.

Will swallows at the implication of what Hannibal could have done to him. And as Hannibal turns to look at him, Will sees a crescent-shaped scar on Hannibal's neck; that wasn't there before.

'What happened to your neck?' Will asks as he indicates with his own neck.

'Ah, yes. That would be from your car keys. Or rather the key ring'.

'How did it do THAT to you?'

'It's made of pure silver. I'm ah, a...'

Will immediately understood what Hannibal had just leaked into the air.

'Are you a vampire?' Will asks flabbergasted.

He already starts backing away to his work desk, which is just out of his living room quarters.

'Yes'.

'Oh my god. Oh my god'. Will says to himself.

'It's ok, if I wanted to hurt you, I could have already'.

'That doesn't help'. Will says, extremely worried for his safety. He can barely think to talk to this...vampire, but in order to keep himself safe, he tries to keep talking. 'How did you become one?'

'A very old vampire hunted me in the woods where I lived. He turned me into one there. I had transformed while I was unconscious. And when I woke up, my whole body felt different, chemically and physically. It's like I didn't have normal sensory functions of a human anymore'. Hannibal explains.

'So is that why silver burns you?'

'Yes, I'm chemically allergic to it; my DNA is different now'.

'Oh my god'. Will says again, unable to retain anything. Then he thinks a moment, and asks:

'How old are you?'

Hannibal follows his train of thinking, and smirks.

'38'.

'How old are you really?'

'I was born in the year 1907, so 103'.

'Oh, wow'. Will is taken aback. 'You've lived through a lot of eras then, and horrors I expect'.

'Not all too horrible. Though there was the initial horror of my first taste for blood, and first victim'.

At the word victim, Will stills.

'Who was your first kill?' Will says, distancing himself emotionally.

Hannibal looks around the room, then at Will's face.

'My daughter.'

Will remembers the story now; Hannibal had talked of a rabid, violent, DOG ripping into her arm. New pieces of information lock into Will's brain, and he has a whole new impression of Hannibal.

'I could physically not control myself. The initial thirst for blood was desensitizing in a way, as it forces you to hone in and focus on one sense...taste'.

Will's mouth is open.

'So you've lived all this time. What does it feel like to be immortal?' Will asks.

'Like freedom, and prison, all at once'. He says with a blank expression, he looks almost sad.

'But needing money all the time must become a pain. How did you even afford that castle?'

'Not at all. I inherited the castle by killing my maker, Mason Verger'.

'How old was your maker?' Will wonders.

'Over a thousand years old'.

'Wow. I can't believe I'm hearing all of this. So..but isn't having to make money annoying? Years and years of working?'

'I don't mind working, I like the tasks. But honestly, I steal from my victims, and why not? They can't use it.' He states easily.

Will wants to laugh, it's just all so ridiculous from what Will assumed Hannibal to be like. At first Hannibal was just like every other person, with an ordinary job, but a charismatic flare. And now, he was sinister; relaying a history to Will that was so alien. And then he nervously laughs a reply to what Hannibal had just said.

'Ok. That's true'.

Hannibal smiles at him, and his teeth are showing this time; sharp canines, and generally unique teeth, are revealed.

'So, what, do you plan on living forever? Or is there any way you could get killed?'

Hannibal continues looking at him, as he decides on what to say.

'I'm aware that a silver bullet to the head, or decapitating the head in general, and then burning the pieces will kill a vampire. But I could live forever, if forces evade me'.

'Would you though?'

Hannibal is surprised by Will's willingness to talk, and listen. And his eyes go soft with a pain unrecognized as he replies:

'I don't know if I would. How could anybody? The body remains intact, while the mind is free to wonder into any dark dimension. Mason Verger lost himself, I believe'.

'I don't know if I would be able to live forever. I can sometimes barely stand my thoughts'.

'Me too. They can come streaming in, but I can switch it off easily these days'.

Will gives a wandering look.

'I didn't think I'd ever regretkilling my daughter; becoming a vampire changed me. But years later I felt it stir in me, gnaw at me for a while. And now I'm me again, and yet, not wholly

me'.

Will starts to look at him sympathetically, because Hannibal was looking moroseful.

'And what does that feel like? To not be you?' Will swallows, and licks his lips.

'Like I'm an actor in a play'.

Will has gradually become more intrigued as they talk. But he has not forgotten to be scared.

Will laughs:

'That's what I feel like most people do. Become this presentable person in society, and no one says what they mean really'.

'I say what I mean'. Will recognizes that the conversation just turned a bit intimate; directed at themselves.

'I guess. But how would I know?' He says with an air of jest.

Hannibal smiles at him again, sweetly, and it almost disarms him.

'You can trust me'. He says evenly.

Will just looks at him.

'Alright, well..'

Hannibal could pick up then what Will was feeling.

'It's ok, I can go. I said what needed to be said['.

'Sorry, but I don't know what you could do. I don't feel totally at ease being around you'.

And with these words, he manages to strike hurt into Hannibal's eyes. Hannibal doesn't want Will to be scared around him, and part of him regrets that Will found out the truth of him; saw him for what he really was, Il Monstro. The tatse is bitter on Hannibal's tongue, like blood; he can take an ordinary bullet to the head, but he struggles with Will thinking of him as nothing but a monster. Hannibal doesn't need to watch someone he regards highly, dismiss him. But he is what he is.

'Ok. Right you are. Goodbye Will'.

'See ya'. He says kindly.

He watches Hannibal leave in silence. And a few minutes later he receives a text:

"I ask that you not tell anyone what you know".

Will replies shortly:

" Sure".

And Hannibal writes in return:

"Thank you".

Will had not seen nor heard anything from Hannibal, for almost a month, until one day when he was walking through a busy park. There Hannibal was, his back facing Will a little off in the distance. But Will could tell it was him, when he turned his head slightly to look at the name plate of a park-bench memorial. He must of seen Will out of the corner of his eye, because he turned his head more to look behind. Will was on a path that headed straight towards where Hannibal was, but when Hannibal looked at him he tried to casually veer off the path and start walking down a hill to a pond, away from him. Hannibal caught him doing it. And he felt the same hurt the last time when Will wanted him to leave. And then he couldn't help but feel annoyed and defensive. He started walking after Will.

'Hey, can I talk to you?' He says trying to get Will's attention. 'It's fine that you haven't talked to me. But trying to ignore me altogether? We could at least be friendly like adults?'

Will stops.

'Well what do you expect? I don't know what you're capable of doing. Let's be honest, what if you can't control your hunger around me?'

The hunger will never take over me like it did with Mischa; that was the beginning. And I've had a lot of experience with blood, you know I'm a doctor'.

'How many years?'

'23'.

'Wow. Ok.'

'I do get the intense cravings every now and then, and the smell of blood will always tickle me. But I assure you, I'm safe'.

'Alright then'.

Hannibal smiles at him cheerily. 'Would you like to go for a walk?'

will thinks about it for a minute. But then he decides to say yes. They head off down the path, which leads into a nature reserve with trees and streams, and native animals. They walk in, stopping every now and then to look at a plaque that describes the species of plant or animal that they should be able to see. And after an hour, they emerge.

'I'm gonna go home now I think'. Will says.

'Ok, thanks for joining me. And for not leaving'.

'It's ok, but I wouldn't of continued ignoring you. I was just nervous'.

Hannibal smiles at this, and then suddenly takes a chance to add:

'Would you like to hang out tonight?'

'To do what?' Will asks; starting to feel heat in his neck.

'I was wondering, do you want to go on a date with me?'

Will has never felt his body burn up before the way it just had.

'Oh. You like me?' He says almost shyly, and biding some time.

'Yes, I feel like I've known you for a while.'

'Umm...I'm sorry, I just don't know. I mean it's alright if we're friends, but you know, it's different logistics to dating'.

'Oh'. Hannibal gives a small chuckle at knowing what Will means. 'Yeah, ok. Well the intimate part doesn't have to come'.

'you'd date someone and not have that intimacy?'

'I was gonna say not straight away.
The trust is impostant. But I've had experiences of being intimate with humans. It was safe, they didn't get hurt'.

Will's not sure how to respond, apart from continuing to blush like it was a fever.

'Uhh...ok. What did you wanna do?'

'I was thinking I could make you dinner at your place?' Hannibal offers. 'If you like'.

'Oh'. Will blushes again. 'That sounds nice. Ok. Well umm...see you tonight'.

'What time?' Hannibal smiles.

'I guess you can come at 6pm?' Will says while tripping himself up over Hannibal's smile.

'Alright then, see you later'. And then they head off in opposite directions.

When Will gets home, he wonders if it's too late for him to back out. Of course he has time to cancel, it's only 3pm, but he wonders if he got too close to Hannibal. He still didn't know him that well. And they were moving pretty fast. But there was something about him; maybe it was the way he could easily talk to him, like Hannibal was just following another train of thought in will's own head. Maybe it was the way they understood each other. But in any sense, being around Hannibal made will feel tipsy, and out of control, and more himself than anyone else has.

Later in the evening Hannibal arrived with a shopping bag full of groceries; some of it looked like Hannibal had prepared it at home. Will blushes as he watches Hannibal unpack it on Will's kitchen counter after a few minutes. Making dinner is something intimate and romantic, and did he just forget that Hannibal was a vampire? Truth be told Will was slightly in denial about Hannibal; he just needed to grasp onto reality a little bit.

'Do you need any help?'

'It's fine'. He smiles as he starts chopping up carrots.

'What are you making?'

'A kind of beef stew. I've marinated the, I've marinated the meat in a honey-soy sauce'.

'yum, that sounds good'. Will was eagerly hungry. 'Do you want anything to drink, like whiskey, or wine?'

Then Will realizes after a second that Hannibal doesn't drink THAT sort of thing. Even though he's seen him do it.

'Yes please, I'll take a whiskey'.

'I thought you only consumed blood?'

'I do in a way, but it's not the only thing I can consume. It's not the food satisfies me, like blood, but I can still taste it and enjoy it. Though I don't get anything from it nutritionally, and it doesn't fill me up'.

'Wow. So do you miss eating? Or do you just do it as a habit?'

'I kind of do. I'm not really of in the habit of eating, only when I'm around people. But yeah, I guess I miss what it felt like'.

'I can imagine'. Will laughs. then he goes to pour them a glass of thick amber liquid; almost blood-like. then he starts lighting a fire; he should have thought about it sooner, now that it's night time, and the house is chilling. Hannibal takes a neat sip from his glass, then adds the rest of the vegetables he just chopped up into a large pot on the stove. then he grabs a Tupperware container filled with a sort of broth, and pour it in before putting it onto boil. He goes to join Will after that's done in an arm chair across from him.\

The fire was starting to heat the walls of the lounge room fairly well, and drift heat around the house. But there were pockets of his bedroom and hallway that felt a little icy still.

Hannibal had noticed Will's small piano and asked if it was alright to play. Will said it was as Hannibal sat down, and started to tinker with the keys. When Hannibal made a noise of approval, he started to play free style; composing from the moment, and testing keys lightly for which ones he wanted to add to the song. He starts to hum a little, and then realizes that he should start sautéing the beef cubes.

'That was awesome. Did you write that?'

'Sort of, I made it up on the spot'.

Will's eyes go wider.

'Whoa. It flowed together really well. I didn't hear you make mistakes'. And Will laughs a little.

'Thank you.' Hannibal smiles, as he looks down at the sizzling pan. 'I play a lot at home'.

'I play mine a bit too, at least once or twice a week I'll have a fiddle'.

'Do you know any songs?'

'Sort of. I usually make it up as I go'.

'Me too. I like to play where it comes more naturally'.

Will refills his glass of whiskey and goes to watch Hannibal prepare for a bit. The smell of meat is immense in the air; Will's nostrils suffer to steal more of it. And after a few minutes Hannibal adds the beef to the vegetables, which are almost cooked tenderly. Then they both go to sit down and wait a little longer.

Will was inspired to play the piano too, so he sat his drink down on it's mantle, and then started pressing into keys. the earthy tones that spring forth, end after a minute or two, as Will follows another train of inspiration. The way he moves over the keys is more forceful, but the song sounds more like a cheery dance of notes. Hannibal is happy to hear him, and drinks from his whiskey glass as he goes to stand closer. There is a polite distance between them; Hannibal isn't hovering over his shoulder, but he wants to sit next to Will, even though he won't. Then will stops and finishes off his glass. The food was ready about the same time, so they sat on the sofa side by side to eat. The beef was very well marinated; Will could still taste the strong combinations of sauces, even after it had been boiled amongst a variety of things and for half an hour.

'Thanks for this'. Will says while digging in.

'My pleasure'. Hannibal smiles.

'It's really good'.

'Thanks'.

Will leans further back into the couch, and brings his bowl closer to his chest, savouring the warmth of it. Hannibal unconsciously mirrored him, leaning back only a little. He can smell so much on Will right now, and it's making him more relaxed.

'Do you wanna watch a movie?' Will asks.

'Sure, what do you want to watch?'

'I have "Young Frankenstein"? It's meant to be really funny, my friend leant it to me'.

'A different kind of monster'. Hannibal muses with a laugh.

And Will quickly replies:

'Yeah I'm studying all the possibilities out there now'. He says with a laugh as he gets up to get his lap top. Hannibal laughs again in response and watches him leave; he feels something close to butterflies.

Will comes back, and grabs a chair from his work desk to sit the laptop on. He puts it in front of the sofa, and sits next to Hannibal again; this time their sitting a little closer together on accident, but Will doesn't notice.

Through out the movie Will was surprised by how much he was cracking up. Sometimes Hannibal just watched him when he laughed at a small joke, but most of the time he was busy laughing too in a hearty way. they cracked-up even harder near the end of the movie when Frankenstein's ex-fiancé started doing sexy pre-coitus dance moves for Frankenstein's monster; while donning a massive hair-do. Will had never seen any of the other Frankenstein movies, but he doubts that they'd be this hilarious. Will had had two more glasses of whiskey during the movie, and so he felt warm, and his movements felt liquidy. Will closed the laptop as the credits started coming up, then he pushed the chair out of his way with his foot, and stood up to put his bowl in the sink. Hannibal waited as he came and sat back down.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

> Immediately starts off from where the last chapter ended. Will and Hannibal start dating, and begin to fall in love.

Hannibal shifted around in his seat for a moment when Will sat down.
'I think I will be heading home now'. Hannibal began.
'Ok, I'm glad you came'.
'I had a great evening Will'. His eyelids looked heavy as he exhaled through his nose.

He leaned closer in Will's direction, and took the bold desire that started to ingratiate itself into Hannibal's thoughts. He rested his hand on Will's lower thigh, closer to his knee, as he pressed a deep kiss into Will's right cheek. Will drew in his breath quickly and quietly, leaning back slightly as his eyelids drooped. Will looked from Hannibal's eyes, to glance over his face in a drunkard way. He rubbed up and down Will's bicep for a moment before getting up to leave, and Will follows him to the door.

'Could I see you again? Like this?' Hannibal asked from the doormat. He seemed relaxed enough, but somewhat nervous for his hopes.

Will smiled, looking sweet and longingly at him.

'Yeah, I'll call you soon'.

Hannibal made a pleased, soft huff off a sound. 'Please do'.

When Hannibal left, Will took stock of his current emotions for Hannibal; so different were they to the first time he met him, and when he had found out that he was a vampire. He runs a hot, long shower before going to sleep straight after.

In his dream he was wrapped up in a weird sheet-like robe, but it was massive and drowned out the shape of his body; spreading out across the floor. It felt like they were moving, wrapping around him like wings. He was in a fairly sparse room, where a few non-descript things were held within it; no bed, no windows. But then the room changed after a minute, and it now was brightly lit by a window, which revealed a garden and pond from the second storey of a mansion. He didn't actually see that he was in a mansion, but some things you just instinctively know in a dream.

Will woke up to his alarm to get ready for work. He had, by chance, met a fisherman in the shops one day, and she explained that she had work out on a marina if Will wanted it. It was

only part time, but the money was very good; he didn't need much when he already owned his house, just needed to pay for electricity and food.

'Hey Erin'. The 63 year old, lively woman, shook his hand with purpose.

"Hey! Great, you're here, I can show you around'.

They walked into the large workshop, and Will was given a set of tools and a good enough sized work space. Then she took him out to the docks; all of the boats were luxurious yachts, and little house-boats. He breathed in the nice salty air, and admired a couple of jet ski's whizzing around and spurting water,

'I'm sorry I can't give you a lunch break during your shift today, it's only five hours. But if you're hungry after work, help yourself to the community fridge'. She said with a happy laugh.

Will liked her; he could tell this would be a breezy, fun job. There were two other employees; one was a middle-aged man, working part time like Will, his name was Harry. The other one was forty, and he worked full time; named Scott.

After work He went to stop by a fish and chip shop for dinner, and he turned on his phone to check for messages:

"Hi Will, I've missed you; tried to call. What are you doing tomorrow? Are you free?"

"Hey I was gonna call you. I am working now, so I'm busy tomorrow morning. But do you want to meet me after my shift at 2? We could go for a swim at the beach here?"

"Great Will". Hannibal remarked about Will's job. "What beach?"

"Selby. You could meet me at the workshop?" Will gives him the address, and stands next in line to make his order at the takeaway.

"Okay, see you then :)"

He shuffled into his house with his food and messenger bag an hour later, and breathed out a relaxed sigh as he sat and ate on the couch. He let himself comfortably, and quickly, fall asleep from there.

The alarm went off on his phone in the messenger bag the next morning, so he quickly showered before getting a small granola bar from the fridge and left.

'Hey Will'. Scott beamed from his work space.

'Hi!' He strolled in and got a can of oil to continue working on the motor he half finished from yesterday. 'Where's Erin?' He wondered conversationally.

'Out on the docks with Harry; there are some new boat owners'. Will dropped down his tools at his station.

'Aw yeah..... Let's put on some music on'.

'Yeah'. Scott agreed with a smile.

Time flew and Hannibal appeared in the garage doorway.

'Hey'. Will said from his sitting position, and then got up .

'Have you been busy?' He spoke casually.

'Nah, easy and lazy'. He laughed and said bye to everyone.

'Do you want to get some food? Oh never mind.' Will laughed heartily, as his tongue slipped easily, because how could he forget.

'I've actually made us lunch'. Hannibal said peacefully. 'If you want spaghetti and salad?'

'That's sweet, thanks'. Hannibal was smiling endearingly; he doesn't know why he was able to feel an even greater affection towards Hannibal with that.

Hannibal tenderly draws his hand across Will's shoulder blades; to give him a little rub/caress for a moment. Another way to say hi.

They stroll, brushing shoulders often, until they made their way off the foot path, and down a shallow dune. Will goes for a quick dip to get off his work grease, since the day was warm enough; but he just wanted to quickly dunk his whole body in, and then eat. They sat down together under a small tree, and Will sighed, digging in.

After Will had finished eating. He just wrapped his arm around Hannibal's waist. They were getting comfortable being affectionate, but this is the first time that Will initiated some of the contact. After a few minutes like this, Hannibal exhales through his nose, contented. Will glances up at him, and smiles; Hannibal suddenly looks at Will's face a little harder.

He tilts his head closer, and Will quickly exhales as he goes in to meet his lips. It was incredible. Hannibal made a soft moan as it got more intense; with interlacing tongues, and sucking on each other's lips. Will panted. They laid down together and held onto each other as they made out. Hannibal licks up the side of his neck... and then he stills with a sniff. His thoughts start to muddle because Will smells so good. He sucks on Will's neck; on the vein that had danced for him earlier in their acquaintance. Then they just hold onto each other, with their bodies tightly pressed together.

'Do you want to come stay at my home for the night? We could have dinner?' Hannibal asks while they're leaving the beach. Will feels nervous after hearing that; his mind jumping ahead, away from the present. He trips up over a stick near his car, and in the process of throwing his hands out to catch himself, he cuts his hand on some glass. Hannibal's nose cocks, and then decides to grab Will's hand to remove the glass, and then suck on the oozing blood. Will gasps.

'Hannibal?' He doesn't know how he feels about this, becoming Hannibal's literal form of sustenance.

'Sorry, but I was getting curious'. Will gave a little incredulous laugh. 'You taste as sweet as you smell Will. A really Earthy flavour'.

'What in the world'. Will laughs. 'Don't get too attached to drinking my blood'.

'It's delicious'.

Will strokes his face when Hannibal sets his hand free, and then he kisses him.

'I'll see ya in an hour or two'. Will says as they get into their own cars.

When Will lets himself into Hannibal's' front door, he can hear clattering coming from the kitchen. Hannibal was making them a seafood platter, and was currently getting a couple lobsters onto boil.

'Mmm! What's that smell?'

'That's the clams'. They were drowning in a white wine, creamy sauce.

'Do you want a hand?'

'It's alright, I'm almost done'. He smiles and gives Will a nice kiss on the cheek, then he gives a pan of prawns a stir; it smelt spicy, but with some sweetness to it.

'If you want a drink, help yourself to anything and everything'.

'Even this?!' Will brandishes a 1969 bottle of champagne.

'Yes, it'll go perfect with dinner'. Hannibal smiled widely.

They sit in the library to eat, where music speakers are playing. Hannibal rubbed Will's thigh every now and then; watching Will eat, as well as trying a bit for himself.

'Why aren't you a chef Hannibal?' Will says in a jest of annoyance.

'I am'. Hannibal laughs. 'It's just for my benefit though. I wouldn't enjoy the busyness of working as a chef, I'm quite sure'.

'But aren't you busy as a doctor?'

'Yes, but that's a different atmosphere; a hot kitchen is not preferrable to a cool hospital room'. He laughs.

'No excuse.' Will laughs. 'People are missing out'. Will had just finished the last remnants of clam sauce on his plate.

'I'm calling the police'. Will jokes.

Hannibal laughs heartily.

'Well then, just don't mention that I'm a vampire'. They both laugh.

They return the dishes to the kitchen, and Hannibal takes a chance to be hug Will from behind, just as he leaves everything in the sink. He kisses the crook of Will's neck, and then on his shoulder, and back to suck on his neck for a second. Will starts to feel tingly; rocking into his touch for a moment. Hannibal's light fingers on his hip hive him head spins. He is losing cognitive thought function as he grabs Hannibal's hand, and slides it between his legs. Hannibal gasps; as does Will. He feels Hannibal cup his clothed hard-on. He's rubbing over it firmly, then further down to caress his balls. Will makes a soft noise.

'Do you want to keep going Will?' Hannibal asks in a pants. 'Do you want to go upstairs?'

'Yeah'. Will breathes heavily.

Hannibal drags his hands up will's pelvic bone, rubbing his abdomen, and then back to his penis. Will moves around to kiss him hard, and pulls him around the kitchen island. And then they are getting each other up the stairs, gradually; as they stop to kiss against a wall every few steps. When they get to Hannibal's room, they strip themselves quickly as they watch each other hungrily. Hannibal shimmies back against the head board of his bed, and Will immediately jumps to straddle him. Hannibal holds their bodies together and tumbles them forward lustfully. Their hard-ons massaging against each other in the most gorgeous way. With Hannibal now leaning over Will, he dips down to kiss him, and Will wraps his legs around Hannibal's hips. He squirms as Hannibal looks into his eyes and caresses the part of his hip that is close to his butt. Then he leans down to kiss him again, even more passionately if it were truly possible; this kiss was carnal, primal desire.

Hannibal starts massaging his arse; close to his arse hole, and then sensually rubbing his arsehole with two fingers. Will starts moaning.

When Hannibal moves to place himself fully inside Will, it's as if all the air in the universe has been sucked out; nothing left to focus on except the exquisite movements. Will gasps and moans loudly, and Hannibal gives a procession of grunts. They keep intensifying; Hannibal licks his cheek, and pulls on his dick earnestly and hungrily.

'God'. Will says after another deep thrust; his eye sight starting to go bleary. He rolls them over desperately, and then moves his body down for a moment to suck on Hannibal's nipples.

He starts to ride him, hard and passionately. They begin to orgasm; with their hands clutching at sheets and hair.

'Kiss me'. Hannibal grunts along. They can feel strength leaving their bodies as they crash and spill over. It was like a tsunami; the force of it was beautiful in it's destruction of them both. They both go onto their sides afterwards, facing each other. Will drapes his left leg over Hannibal's upper thigh, as their hands play together. Hannibal sucks on the tip of Will's forefinger, and then kisses the pad of his middle finger.

'I love you'. He says through a contented sigh.

Will looks up from their hands, gauging Hannibal's eyes.

'I love you too'. He gives Hannibal a small but amazingly sweet kiss on the lips.

'I didn't really expect this to happen a couple months ago'.

'I did, right from the moment you walked into the hospital room'.

'Or you were just hopeful'. Will teases with a laugh. Then he caresses Hannibal's cheek. 'You're wonderful'. He said as his eyes glowed with love. Hannibal nuzzled the tip of his nose into Will's.

Then he gives a yawn; his lazy hand resting on Will's waist as they both fall asleep in a few minutes.

In the morning Will felt changed, like he had a new found longing for something; it puts him on edge for a second, and soon dissipates as he feels the sun on his forehead. Hannibal greets him with dark eyes, and he recognizes what the longing was for.

'Morning'. Hannibal says.

Will says good morning with a kiss on the cheek, before getting up to go to the bathroom. Something begins to weigh heavily on his mind; a desire for more. When he gets back into bed, Hannibal notices his now serious expression.

'Are you alright?'

'Sort of'. Will cautions. 'I want to know if you will turn me into a vampire'.

'No, I won't, don't worry'.

'Why not?'

'You want me to?' Hannibal asks incredulously.

'Yes, I just feel like it would be right and make sense'.

'What's wrong with being human? I would like to be.'

'I'm getting older, every minute, and soon I'll be dead and I won't be with you'.

'That's the way it's suppose to be'. He caresses Will's hair.

'It's not what I want. I want you to change me'.

'You want me to be the total death of you, I won't have a part in it'. Hannibal gets out of bed in a huff.

'Think about it. If we could be together forever I would want that, do you?' Will's declaration tugs at Hannibal's heart.

He had wanted this for decades, and he'd not realized it.

'Will... I don't know'.

'Trust me..' Hannibal doesn't let Will finish this sentence.

'No Will; trust me, that your life will never be the same. You won't feel the same, you'll never eat the same. And once you've changed the hunger will debilitate you'.

'Well then, we'll just have to make sure that I have human blood on me to drink, so that I don't go into that frenzy on a stranger'.

'I'm scared for you Will'. He looks to the ground.

Will gets out of bed and holds him, looking into his eyes.

'Yeah, I am a bit too'. But I completely want you to'.

Hannibal gives a little laugh.

'I want you to as well. But I couldn't ask for that'.

'I know, it's ok, now you don't have to'.

He kisses Will's lips thoughtfully; paying attention to the way he tastes.

'When do you want to do it?' Hannibal asks.

Will is stumped, and Hannibal gives him a pointed, warning look.

'I'm not sure. We could do it next week. I want to eat as many different things; so that I remember the feeling of it well'. He laughs.

Hannibal smiles and gets up to go to the toilet, contemplating.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

This chapter also immediately starts off where the last one ended.

After they had slept for a few more hours, Hannibal woke up and decided to kiss Will awake; bruising his lips. Will took it in lazily. This day he decided to mention that they could have a vacation before he turned him, and Hannibal agreed that it would be nice for him. They thought that abroad would be fun, and that Mexico wouldn't be too far or too much for Will to spend money on. Though that was going to change; he might start doing what Hannibal does? They don't need the money once they're dead, was Hannibal's words to him; it would be so easy to do it.

Six days was the earliest that they could get to Mexico; to the specific town they were arriving at, which is where their hotel was. Hannibal picked Will up from his house and hugged him on the footpath. Once they both sat down, Hannibal leaned over and kissed him; Will had been at his own place for most of the week, and he missed touching him. Will started to pant immediately, all the while caressing Hannibal's cheek. They realized that they needed to leave now for the airport.

Check-in went well; everything was cleared. And they relaxed for an hour and a half. Their hotel had also been on the beach, so close you could hear the waves roaring and deafening crash. They crashed into bed and ordered room service for Will's dinner; which was anything, because the place was better than five stars. Hannibal had really wanted to pay for a good hotel, so Will agreed to pay as much as he could afford for now. Will regarded the view from their bed while Hannibal made a variety of orders for him off of food service . Then he sat beside him on the bed and leaned over to hug his waist, and then his hand travelled lower and skimmed his arse. He grabbed it and pulled Will closer; he loved this man, so new to him in his life, and yet completing him. He could live happily alone, but with Will he was glad to share a life with him. He's just an extension of Hannibal.

They stay in this embrace, with Hannibal's other arm coming around to hug Will at the waist, until food service arrived. Will didn't ask for the massive selection that came; but he was amazed and grateful to see it. The many different desserts had his eye, and he chose a cake with ice-cream.

Hannibal couldn't help but watch him eat again, and put his arms around him again while he ate. Will leaned heavily into it; feeling the need to be intimate, but eat as well. He kept eating though, even though Hannibal was nuzzling and licking his ear every now and then between bites, and during. He just let Hannibal hold him so gently; shifting around so that he was in front of him. He leaned behind his right shoulder and kissed his lips. This made Hannibal desperate, but Will continued to finish eating. When he put the bowl down Hannibal rocked

into his butt, still with nothing planned; he went along with touching will when it came naturally. But Will turned around and took off his sweater, then he laid back down on the bed in just a shirt and briefs. Hannibal took all of his top layers off so that he was bare-chested. He kept his pants on for now as he crawled on top of Will, and sat his whole weight in his crotch. Will moaned a little and shifted around to feel him better. Hannibal bent down and kissed Will's lips while thrusting into his groin. Will moaned louder after that. Hannibal licked his tongue into Will's mouth while thrusting, and they both groaned; again and again. Hannibal lay his body flat against Wills', and shifted so that Will could get on top, and straddle him. Will liked the feeling of their crotches rubbing together; he rushed hard into that feeling while taking off his shirt. Hannibal traced his fingers down Will's warm, beating chest and felt his body smooth against his finger tips. Will leaned down and kissed his navel, and then got his hips up in the air with firm hands so that he could pull his pants off. He kissed Hannibal's pelvic bone, and down over his dick, before sucking him at once. They continued to have slow, sensual sex for over an hour before Will started to get hungry again, and tired. It was very early in the morning when they finally went to sleep. Will woke up from the feeling of the sun on his face again; he could tell that the day was going to be humid. He stretched and saw the full view of the beach from their bed-side window. In the midst of it all , there were a few trees, and the waves appeared gentle. He rocked back on his heels where he stood, and then sat down on the edge of the bed, feeling a little dizzy. Hannibal stirred soon and nudged Will's butt crack with his toes. Will turned and smiled at him seductively before bending back and kissing Hannibal on the lips good morning.

'Did you want to order breakfast?'

'I was just about to have some of the left overs'. Will smiled down at him fondly, and went to kiss his lips again. Hannibal nudged Will's arse again with his foot and watched him go, as he proceeded to get up. He had a clear agenda for the moment...go swimming when Will was done. Hannibal asked him excitedly, and got Will in a similar mood. Will went out the door first when he was done eating and waited for Hannibal, and as soon as Hannibal touched the door, he turned and made his way down the stairs. But on the third step Will's ankle rolled, and he tripped, falling the long flight of stairs. Hannibal almost laughed at Will's initial stumble, but then he saw how fast Will was going, in a tumble. At the foot of the stairs was a large, wide window; which left a narrow amount of foot room between it and the bottom of the stairs. Will easily rolled and smashed through the window. Hannibal gasped.

'Will!' He ran out of the building, carelessly fast, and saw a few people coming over to help and investigate.

'Are you ok?' Hannibal asked with wide eyes.

'I think I've broken my back'. He said stiffly, through a stern looking face, and his eyes remained fixed on the clouds, not looking at Hannibal.

'Will'. Hannibal exclaimed in concern. Will started to see red blur the corners of his vision, before he passed out. Hannibal saw the blood well up in Will's eyes, and he was terrified now that he was just about to die. Will had fallen four storey's. He might have survived it, if he hadn't fallen on a cement stair railing so awkwardly.

'Can someone please call an ambulance!?' A civilian called behind her shoulder to the freaked out people watching from a beach-side kiosk.

'It's ok'. Hannibal addressed evenly to the crowd of people, and kept his eyes on Will.

'I'm his doctor'. He lifted Will up easily, and felt how out of the ordinary Will's body was; he'd also cracked a rib, and he was bleeding from the skull.

People watched and wondered in awe as they saw Hannibal carry Will right back into the building he just fell out of. He heard someone make some disapproving comment in the distance, and then they were alone in the quiet stairwell again. He flew up the flight of stairs, almost literally, and lay will down on the bed in a manic state. He ripped Will's shirt open, and felt for a pulse; there was one, but it was almost gone.

'Will...I' He said to his unconscious body; he was panicked, and bit into him, hard. He bit his neck, his thigh, and his wrist; all of his body parts with major arteries. They would take his huge amount of venom quicker. Tears were brimming his eyes now; he'd never felt so human. The sun set and Will still didn't move from his position; he looked like a murder victim, carelessly flopped on a bed. Will was fine just a couple hours ago, and now he was never going to open his eyes again. Hannibal was crying frantically after Will didn't move an hour later, but when he felt for his pulse again, his own heartbeat started to quicken immediately. Will was still holding onto his life, but now his pulse wasn't slow, but a strong, quick, methodical beat. Hannibal's eyes went wide as he watched Will slowly stir back to life.

For Will, it was a literal escape from death. He boltered upright and gasped. The last images he saw of the world before he passed out were of the sky and Hannibal. Then instantaneously, feeling as if he had time-jumped, he woke up and saw that he was in his room with Hannibal.

He winced, and reached for his throat; his breathing sounded as rough as sandpaper on a blackboard.

'Hannibal'. He gazed at him, eyes begging in shock and mercy.

Before he could think, he was sprinting out of the room and Hannibal cursed and screamed:

'Will stop!!' He went for his suit jacket and retrieved the sack of blood he'd hidden in a secret compartment for the plane. It was just in case Will wanted to make this beautiful vacation spot the arena for his becoming. But now he was more than grateful, more than hopelessly joyous, that he'd stowed it away. Because will might get to a civilian in public before he can get to Will.

Will was seething when he made it out of the hotel. It was 10pm and there were a couple surfers in the distant black ocean. Will instantly preyed for them. But before he began to run, just as soon as he had spotted them, Hannibal tackled him behind a bush. So close to where Will had just fallen earlier.

Will acted like a wild animal, in the brief second it took to realize that Hannibal was the one to tackle him. Will sniffed his wrists.

Sniff

'What are you doing? What have you got?' Will snuffled excitedly; fevered by adrenaline. Hannibal chuckled sweetly.

Will was just as strong as him, maybe stronger, and once he caught the scent of the surfer's again, he quickly got out from under Hannibal and sprinted. Hannibal worried again and grabbed for the plastic sack of blood. In a flurry he ripped it open and it splashed all over his body dramatically. Some of it landed on the ground, but most of it was on his torso and legs. Will stilled straight away, as he smelled the air, and bolted back to Hannibal. He lapped up Hannibal's soaked navel area. He sucked deep into the fibres of Hannibal's sweater, and black eyes rolled into the back of his head. He growled in a low tone momentarily.

'Aah'. Will made an audible gasp when he was done slurping it back; he couldn't help himself. Nothing, ever, had tasted so good to him. He can't even remember how human food ever compared to this thick, life-giving sauce. But in the midst of all the pleasure, horror struck Will forcefully. He realized he didn't feel the same anymore. Where once he might of felt riddled with doubt and anxiety, and felt like social obligations would suffocate him, he only felt.. giddy. He searched Hannibal's face hopelessly.

'Do you feel better Will?'

'Better?' Will remembered how he had fallen, but he'd forgotten about the extent of his injuries.

'You broke a few bones when you fell, and got a very bad concussion. I thought you would have died from that alone'. Hannibal's voice was almost quiet.

'The venom.. healed me?'

'Yes and it can do a lot more than that. But for necessities sake, healing the body is what it can primarily do. That's why we don't die without strenuous effort'.

'Did I almost die?' Will felt around his scalp, and found the lump he was searching for from memory.

'Yes. You had broken your back, and with a concussion as well, I'm not sure which one it was that almost got you'.

Will made a seething noise, but other than that, he appeared relaxed and not very different to when he fell down the stairs. Hannibal was relieved, and felt only a little guilty about turning Will so soon.

'I'm sorry, I had to change you. I think you would have died'.

'No it's ok, what would have been the point otherwise? Hope I made it till we got to a hospital?' Will made a morbid look, and gave a little laugh.

They made their way back up the stairs of the building and Will felt light-headed, like he was about to collapse. He wanted to. For all his years, becoming a vampire was truly the most exhausting thing he'd ever done. For all his achievements, he would also say that becoming a vampire was the only thing that he counted. His life was spent mostly behind walls, defences, and now he realized he was born to be a vampire. Maybe this really was the fate for his life, or life in relative terms. He gazed at Hannibal with a hunger of lust so captivating, he felt actually drunk. He let his weight fall against Hannibal's chest and body, forcing them both to crumple onto the bed. He kissed Hannibal's lips, and sternum earnestly. Before, he'd felt loneliness out in the world, but Hannibal refocused his attention. He ran his fingers down Hannibal's back and exhaled deeply.

'I love you'. Will moaned as they held their bodies tightly together. His body buzzed on adrenaline, and the hype of it didn't back down for three weeks after.

If he could be with Hannibal like this forever, than he would love it.

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